

A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

LASH LARUE

NO. 36 JAN.

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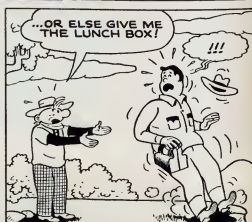
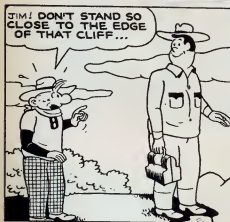


IN THIS
ISSUE:

THE FATAL SOUVENIR!

HAMMER HEAD

SAFETY MINDED!

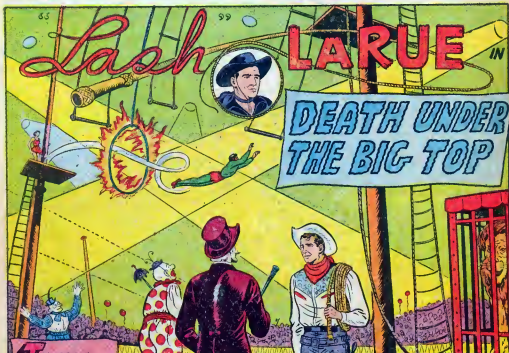


The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A FAWCETT PUBLICATION.

CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES • THE MARVEL FAMILY • LASH LaRUE WESTERN • FAWCETT'S FUNNY ANIMALS
WHIZ COMICS • BATTLE STORIES • ROCKY LANE WESTERN • NYOKA THE JUNGLE GIRL • CARRY HAYES WESTERN
CAPT. MARVEL JR. • MASTER COMICS • TOM MIX WESTERN • MONTE HALE WESTERN • HOPALONG CASSIDY
ROG CAMERON WESTERN • SIX-GUN HEROES • FAWCETT MOVIE COMIC • MIKE BARNETT, MAN AGAINST CRIME
MOTION PICTURE COMICS • TEX RITTER WESTERN • SOLDIER COMICS

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. H. Fawcett, Jr., President



THE CIRCUS COMES TO TOWN BRINGING WITH IT MYSTERY, MURDER AND MAYHEM! AND LASH LaRUE, THE ROVING MARSHAL, IS ITS HEADLINE ATTRACTION STARRING IN A DANGEROUSLY DARING ACT THAT CAN ONLY END WITH DEATH UNDER THE BIG TOP!

AT THE B-K-H CIRCUS...

AND NOW IT GIVES ME THE GREATEST PLEASURE TO INTRODUCE THE WORLD'S GREATEST MASTER OF THE BULLWHIP, THE ONE AND ONLY...

--- BULLWHIP WHIPPER!

BULLWHIP WHIPPER? HE LOOKS JUST LIKE THE ROVING MARSHAL, LASH LaRUE!

AND FROM THE WAY HE HANDLES THE BULLWHIP, HE COULD ONLY BE LASH LARUE! BUT IF THAT'S SO, WHAT IS HE DOING PERFORMING IN A CIRCUS?

YUH HAVE JUST SEEN THE UNBELIEVABLE --- KNOCKING A CIGARETTE OUT OF A GIRL'S MOUTH WHILE BLINDFOLDED!

SNAP!



TO FIND THE ANSWER, WE HAVE TO TURN THE CLOCK BACK TWO WEEKS AND LOOK INTO THE CHIEF MARSHAL'S OFFICE!

I READ ABOUT THE DEATH OF YORE LION TAMER, BASSOT, BUT THE PAPERS SAID KURVEY'S DEATH WAS AN ACCIDENT! WHAT MAKES YUH THINK HE WAS MURDERED?

LET ME TELL YUH ALL THE FACTS, MARSHAL!

ONE YEAR AGO, HIJINX, AN ACROBAT, KURVEY, AN ANIMAL TRAINER, AND MYSELF, MY ACT IS TO BE SHOT OUT OF A CANNON, ALL WORKED FOR THE TRI-STATE CIRCUS WHEN IT OCCURRED TO US THAT WITH OUR TALENT WE COULD OPEN A CIRCUS OF OUR OWN!



"SO WE POOLED ALL THE MONEY WE HAD AND WENT AHEAD WITH THE IDEA! ACCORDING TO THE CONTRACT WE DREW UP, IF ANYTHING HAPPENED TO ANYONE OF THE THREE PARTNERS, HIS SHARE WOULD AUTOMATICALLY BE DIVIDED BETWEEN THE REMAINING TWO!

AND IF ANYTHING SHOULD HAPPEN TO ONE OF THE REMAINING TWO, HIS SHARE WOULD AUTOMATICALLY GO TO THE REMAINING PARTNER!

WHY TALK OF SUCH UNPLEASANT THINGS? LET'S HOPE WE'LL ALL BE HYAR FER MANY MONTHS TO COME AND ENJOY THE FRUITS OF A PROSPEROUS BUSINESS VENTURE!



"KURVEY AND I THOUGHT IT WAS JUST AN IDLE THREAT AT THE TIME, BUT THE VERY NEXT DAY WHILE I WAS WATCHING KURVEY PUT HIS BIG CATS THROUGH A REHEARSAL...

QUICK, KURVEY, GET OUT OF THAT CAGE! YUH KNOW HOW GUN SHOTS FRIGHTEN YORE NEW LION!

SNAP!



BUT BEFORE KURVEY COULD ESCAPE, THE LION POUNCED ON HIM AND RIPPED HIM TO SHREDS! HE WAS DEAD BEFORE ANYONE COULD GET TO HIM! I RAN OUTSIDE THE BIG TENT TO SEE WHO COULD HAVE BEEN SO STUPID AS TO SHOOT OFF A GUN WHILE AN ANIMAL ACT WAS BEING REHEARSED!



"THINGS WENT ALL RIGHT FER QUITE A WHILE! THEN, SUDDENLY, HIJINX WANTED TO RUN THE CIRCUS ALL HIS WAY! THIS STARTED ONE ARGUMENT AFTER ANOTHER UNTIL FINALLY IT RESULTED IN A FIST FIGHT BETWEEN HIJINX AND KURVEY!

YO'RE ACTING LIKE A FOOL, HIJINX!

IT'S ALWAYS YUH TWO AGAINST ME! IT LOOKS AS IF THE ONLY THING FER ME TO DO IS TO ARRANGE IT SO THAT I CAN BE IN COMPLETE CHARGE OF THIS CIRCUS!



"AND WHO SHOULD I FIND BUT HIJINX!"

I TELL YUH, BASSOT, THE GUN WENT OFF BY ACCIDENT!

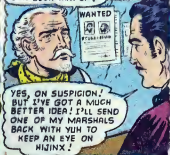
BUT YUH OF ALL PEOPLE KNOW BETTER THAN TO PLAY AROUND WITH A GUN WHEN ANYONE'S IN THE CAGE WITH THE ANIMALS! YUH MURDERED KURVEY JUST AS SURE AS IF YUH HAD PUT THE BULLET THROUGH HIM!



MAYBE SO, BASSOT, BUT YUH'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO PROVE IT! NOW THE CIRCUS IS FIFTY PER CENT YORES AND FIFTY PER CENT MINE, AND IF YUH GIVE ME ANY TROUBLE ABOUT RUNNING IT, IT'S LIABLE TO END UP ONE HUNDRED PER CENT MINE! REMEMBER THAT!



EVER SINCE THEN I'VE BEEN AFRAID OF MY OWN SHADOW AROUND THE CIRCUS! WHY, HIJINX MIGHT BE PLANNING A CONVENIENT ACCIDENT RIGHT AT THIS MOMENT TO GET RID OF ME! ISN'T THAR SOME GROUNDS ON WHICH YUH CAN LOCK HIM UP?



YES, ON SUSPICION! BUT I'VE GOT A MUCH BETTER IDEA! I'LL SEND ONE OF MY MARSHALS BACK WITH YUH TO KEEP AN EYE ON HIJINX!

BUT YUH COULDN'T KEEP A MARSHAL ASSIGNED TO THE CIRCUS FOREVER, CHIEF, AND AS LONG AS ONE WAS THAR HIJINX WOULD BE ON HIS GOOD BEHAVIOR!

THE MARSHAL I HAVE IN MIND HAPPENS TO BE THE **KING OF THE BULLWHIP!** YUH CAN PRETEND TO HIRE HIM ON AS A PERFORMER!

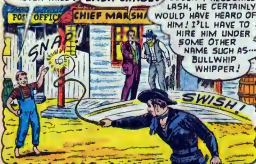


WOWIE, LASH! YOU SURE ARE GREAT! YOU NEVER MISS!

THAR HE IS NOW! HIS NAME IS **LASH LARUE!**

YORE IDEA IS GREAT, CHIEF! BUT EVEN IF HIJINX DOESN'T RECOGNIZE LASH, HE CERTAINLY WOULD HAVE HEARD OF HIM! I'LL HAVE TO HIRE HIM UNDER SOME OTHER NAME SUCH AS... **BULLWHIP WHIPPER!**

AND SO IT IS LASH LARUE WHO IS PERFORMING AT THE CIRCUS!



I SEE HIJINX IS GETTING READY TO START HIS TRAPEZE ACT! AS SOON AS HE STARTS PERFORMING I WANT TO TALK TO YOU, BASSOT! HE'LL BE SO BUSY UP THERE HE WON'T NOTICE US TOGETHER!

WHATEVER YUH SAY, LASH... I MEAN **BULLWHIP WHIPPER!**

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

WHAT IS IT, LASH? DID YUH FIND ANYTHING TO PIN ON HIM?

NOT YET, BASSOT, BUT THIS AFTER-NOON IN TOWN I SAW HIM STEAL A BIG BOX OF GUNPOWDER FROM THE GENERAL STORE!



GUNPOWDER? WHAT USE WOULD HE HAVE FER THAT?

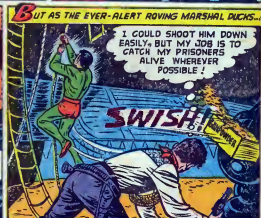
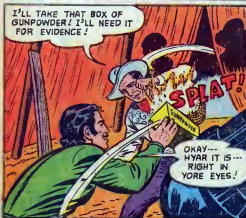
IF HE WERE TO MIX THAT GUNPOWDER WITH THE SPECIAL POWDER YUH USE TO HAVE YOURSELF SHOT OUT OF THE CANNON, IT COULD KILL YOU! AND SINCE HE STOLE THE GUNPOWDER INSTEAD OF BUYING IT, NO ONE WOULD SUSPECT HIM! YOUR DEATH WOULD LOOK LIKE ANOTHER TRAGIC ACCIDENT!

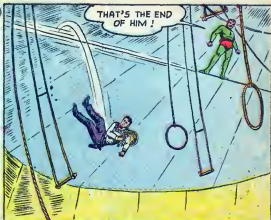


AT LAST WE'VE GOT THE GOODS ON HIM!

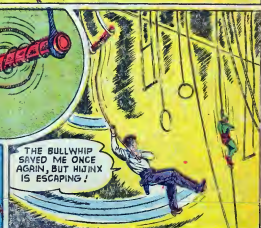
NOT SO FAST, BASSOT! WE'VE GOT TO CATCH HIM IN THE ACT OF PUTTING THAT GUNPOWDER IN THE CANNON! HE GOT BACK TOO LATE TO DO ANYTHING FOR THIS PERFORMANCE, BUT I'M GOING TO KEEP AN EYE ON HIM RIGHT AFTER THE SHOW CLOSES!

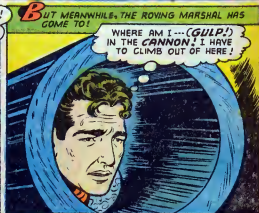
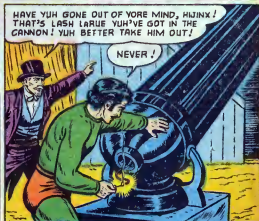
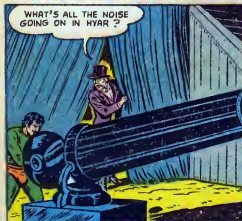


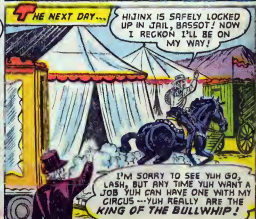
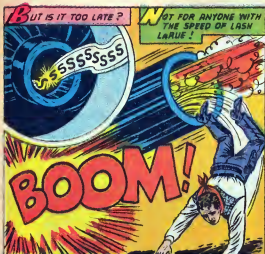




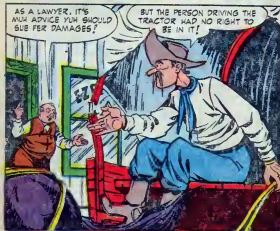
BUT THE EVER-ALERT ROVING MARSHAL'S BRAIN IS WORKING AND ...

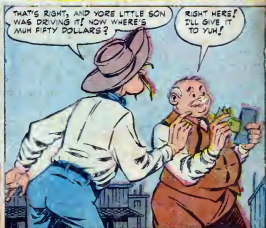
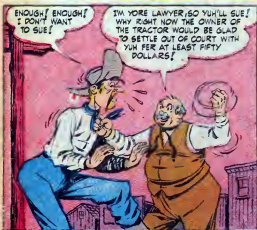


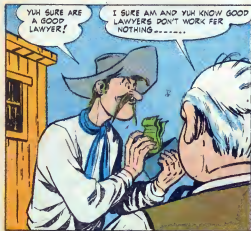




HUMPTY AND DUMPTY



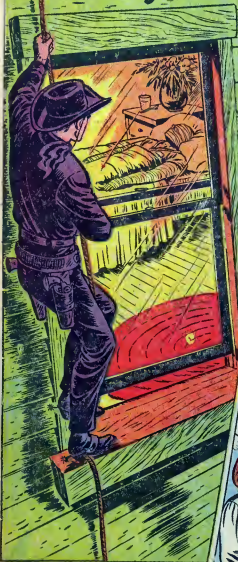






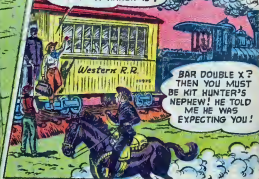
Lash LARUE

in The Case of the **MYSTERIOUS PATIENT**



ONE DAY AT A RAILROAD STATION, LASH LARUE, THE ROVING MARSHAL, MEETS A TRAIN FROM THE EAST!

EXCUSE ME, BUT CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE THE BAR DOUBLE X RANCH IS?

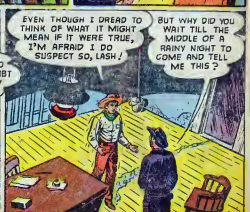
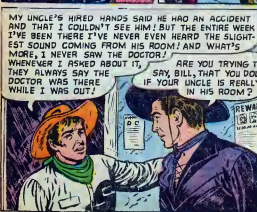


BAR DOUBLE X? THEN YOU MUST BE KIT HUNTER'S NEPHEW! HE TOLD ME HE WAS EXPECTING YOU!

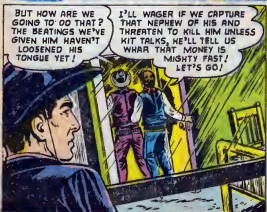
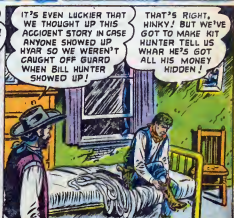
THAT'S RIGHT! UNCLE KIT HAS BEEN URGING ME TO COME OUT AND LIVE WITH HIM! HE SAID LIVING ON THAT GREAT BIG RANCH ALL BY HIMSELF WAS TOO LONELY---ESPECIALLY SINCE ALL HE NEEDS ARE A FEW HIRED HANDS TO RUN THE PLACE NOW THAT HE'S RETIRED!

YOU'LL FIND THE SPREAD RIGHT UP IN THE HILLS! AND WHEN YOU SEE YOUR UNCLE TELL HIM HIS PAL, LASH LARUE, WAS ASKING FOR HIM!









BUT AS THE ROVING MARSHAL JUMPS INTO THE ROOM ---

YIPES! I DIDN'T NOTICE THIS SCATTER RUG!



THAT'S THE LAWDOG I SAW HUNTER TALKING TO IN THE JAILHOUSE!

IT'S THE SAME HOMBRE HUNTER BROUGHT IN HYAR JUST A SHORT WHILE AGO! WHAT WILL WE DO?



AND BEFORE LASH LARUE CAN RISE...

I RECKON THE TIME HAS COME FER ACTION! I'LL TIE THIS LAWDOG UP WHILE YUH GET THE NEPHEW!

OKAY, SHAGGY, I'LL MEET YUH IN THE CELLAR!



AND WHEN LASH LARUE COMES TO...

STOP YORE STALLING, KIT! WE KNOW YUH'VE GOT A PILE OF MONEY HIDDEN IN THIS HOUSE! NOW EITHER YUH TELL US WHAR IT IS, OR WE'RE GOING TO SHOOT YORE NEPHEW!

NO! NO! I'LL TALK! YUH'LL FIND ALL THE MONEY HIDDEN IN A SECRET PANEL UNDER THE FIREPLACE!



GO LOOK, SHAGGY! I'LL KEEP AN EYE ON THEM!

SECONDS LATER...

IT WAS THAR ALL RIGHT, HINKY!

THIS CALLS FER A REAL CELEBRATION, BUT I RECKON WE BETTER WAIT TO DO THAT CELEBRATING UNTIL WE GET A GOOD DISTANCE AWAY FROM HYAR!



SO LONG, SUCKERS!



BUT EVEN THOUGH LASH LARUE SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN DOING NOTHING, HIS HANDS HAVE BEEN BUSY ALL ALONG!

THE FRICTION DID IT! I CAN FEEL THE ROPES STARTING TO RIP!



THERE'S NO TIME TO STOP TO UNTIE YOU TWO NOW! THE FIRST THING I'VE GOT TO DO IS SEE IF I CAN CATCH UP WITH THOSE BANDITS BEFORE THEY GET AWAY WITH ALL THAT MONEY!

THAT'S RIGHT, LASH! THAT MONEY REPRESENTS MY LIFE'S SAVINGS!



LET'S GO!

I DON'T RECKON HE MEANT THAT FOR ME, BUT I AM TO GET GOING, TOO!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

AND NOW THAT I'M GOING TO TAKE THESE VARMINTS OFF TO JAIL, I HOPE YOUR VISIT WILL BE REAL PLEASANT, BILL!

IT SURE WILL BE... THANKS TO YOU, LASH!

THE FIRST THING IN THE MORNING I'M GOING TO PUT THIS MONEY IN THE BANK WHAR IT BELONGS... SO NO ONE ELSE WILL GET ANY IDEAS ABOUT STEALING IT!



DON'T WORRY, POLEGATS! YOU TWO WILL GET GOING IN JUST A FEW MINUTES... RIGHT IN THE DIRECTION OF THE JAILHOUSE!



STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Sec. 233)

OF LASH LARUE WESTERN, published monthly at Greenwich, Conn., for October 1, 1952.

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2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a

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3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (None)

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company

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5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: (This information is required from daily, weekly, semi-weekly, and tri-weekly newspapers only)

GORDON FAWCETT, Business Manager.

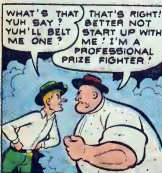
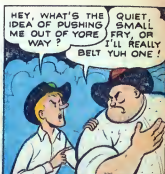
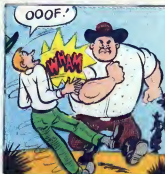
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 15th day of September, 1952.

(Seal) LILLIAN M. BUSHLEY.

(My commission expires April 1, 1953)

WAGONWHEELS

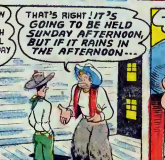
...THE COLD FACTS!



MOLASSES MOUTH



HE'S NO PICNIC





INVISIBLE JUSTICE

By Daniel Sheldon



CLEM GLEASON sauntered into Sheriff Rudy Harwell's office and shot a load of tobacco juice into a spittoon fifteen feet away. "Good shot," Rudy snapped as he looked up from his desk at his chuckling visitor. "Now what do you want?"

Gleason settled himself in a chair and studied his nails for a moment. "I'll tell you, Rudy," he said finally, "I want to advise you not to run for re-election next week. You'll lose if you do, and if you don't run it'll save me a lot of trouble and I'll make it worth your while."

Rudy jumped to his feet as if a stick of dynamite had propelled him. "Now let's get something straight," he said angrily. "For two years I've been doing my job as sheriff of this county and I deserve re-election and I intend to get it if the voters want me!"

Gleason drew back at Rudy's raging words. He looked at the six-guns that bounced up and down on Rudy's hips as he spoke and recalled instantly that it was those lead-slinging guns that stood between him and complete domination of the county. Although Rudy could never pin anything directly on Gleason, he had had many an encounter with his men.

"Have it your own way," Gleason said in a subdued voice. "But you won't win. I'll tell you that."

"Get out before I throw you out," Rudy shouted.

Gleason scampered out and Rudy sat alone, thinking. According to information that he and his assistant, Whitey, had gathered, Gleason was aiming for big things in the county. He was already the largest ranchowner in the area, but nevertheless he had his eyes on land that a few dozen farmers were tilling. There were several good water holes on that farmland and Rudy had learned that Gleason wanted to turn it into grazing land for his growing herds. The farmers had refused to sell. Gleason had little respect for law and order and would probably try to drive the farmers out if next week's election gave him a sheriff who would look the other way when farm houses mysteriously burned down. If

Rudy ever lost the election, Gleason would completely control the county and would run things as he saw fit with the law backing him up.

Rudy's assistant, Whitey, suddenly burst into the office and startled Rudy out of his meditations.

"Rudy!" he yelled excitedly, "you know Billy Ellis? He's one of Gleason's men!"

"Yeah," Rudy replied, wondering what could have brought his normally calm assistant to such a heat. "What about him?"

"Gleason fired him this morning and he's plenty angry. I met him as he was leaving town and he said he has a tip for us on the election."

"What are you talking about?" Rudy asked.

"Billy told me that Gleason plans to fix the election. He's had counterfeit ballots printed up and he's gonna stuff the ballot boxes with votes for his man. That's how he plans to lick you."

"If that's true," Rudy said grimly, "we're in a pickle. Gleason has probably bribed every poll watcher in the county and we don't have enough men to keep watch on the ballot boxes."

"I know," Whitey said glumly. "And even if we do watch the polling places, he'll be able to do his dirty work when the ballot boxes are being carried to the courthouse for counting."

"Wait a minute," Rudy said. "I've got an idea. We'll get a fair election no matter what that crook does!"

The two men ran out and in a moment were galloping down Main Street toward the United States Marshal's office.

Whitey waited outside while Rudy conferred with the Marshal. He emerged a few minutes later with a happy grin across his face.

"Okay," he shouted, "now let's go see Gleason."

At Gleason's ranch, an armed guard led Rudy to his foe. He appeared startled at seeing Rudy. "Change your mind, Sheriff?" he said as he

quickly regained his composure.

"Not at all," Rudy said, "I just wanted to clear up something with you."

"Anything within reason," Gleason said warily. He knew that Rudy was a clever opponent and he wasn't leaving himself open to anything.

"Nothing really important," Rudy said with a smile. "I just wondered if you'd let the United States Marshal be present when the ballots are counted. Just in the interest of fairness."

Gleason thought for a moment. "You mean just let him be in the room when they count the votes?"

"That's right," Rudy replied.

"Why sure," Gleason said. "Doesn't make any difference to me."

"Fine," Rudy replied.

He walked out thinking, "If there's any foul play, it'll be detected and a Federal official will be there to see it!"

On the day of the election, Rudy and Whitey idled the hours away until counting time. That evening, they went with the Marshal and official tabulators to the courthouse for the counting. Gleason joined them and soon afterwards the ballot boxes from the various polling places throughout the county arrived. Each box had a heavy padlock on it.

"All fair and square," Gleason said, breaking the silence.

The counters opened the boxes and poured the paper ballots across a large table.

"Are you ready to start?" the Marshal asked.

"Yes," the counters replied.

"Before you begin, I want to do something."

He drew a small bottle of fluid out of his vest and poured it over several of the ballots. On some, a circle appeared on the lower left hand corner as the fluid soaked into the paper. Others showed no change.

"What's this?" Gleason demanded.

"It's just a precaution," the Marshal replied. "The official ballots were all marked with invisible ink which can be seen when the ballot is brought in contact with this fluid. This doesn't in any way affect the outcome of an honest election. It just makes certain that no,

counterfeit ballots are counted. As you can see, the counterfeit ballots will not respond to the fluid. Only the official ones have been marked with the invisible ink!"

Gleason set his jaw hard. "You can't do that. It's not fair."

"But it is fair," the Marshal explained. "This procedure did not aid any candidate. It merely made certain that no counterfeit ballots would be counted as valid."

"I won't allow this," Gleason shouted suddenly. He hurled a ballot box at the lantern that illuminated the room and with a loud crash everything was plunged into darkness.

There were shouts and a deafening report of a gun going off. Suddenly the door was thrown open and Gleason's lumbering figure could be seen dashing outside.

"I'll get him," Rudy shouted.

He dashed after him, but fell to the ground as a hail of fire kicked up dust around him.

"He's got his men planted around here," Whitey shouted.

Rudy inched forward, occasionally sending a shot toward one of Gleason's snipers. "He ran into that house," Rudy yelled. "I'm gonna get him!"

Zigzagging through murderous fire, Rudy charged into the house. It was dark inside, but heavy panting attracted his attention. Then he saw Gleason cowering in the corner.

"On your feet," Rudy shouted.

Gleason scampered up. "Don't shoot," he begged. "I'll call my men off."

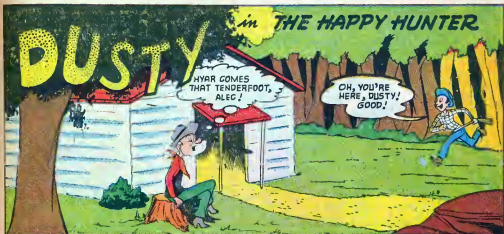
With Rudy's gun in his back he walked outside calling to his men to surrender. They dropped their guns and held their hands aloft.

"**W**ELL, Gleason," the Marshal said, "what do you have to say for yourself?"

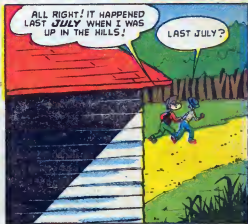
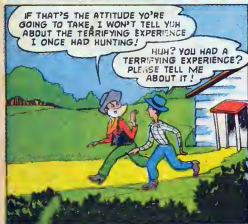
The heavy man was near collapse from fright. "I confess, Marshal, I confess," he gasped. "I tried to fix the election. He fell to the ground bawling.

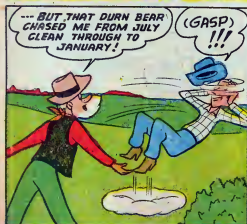
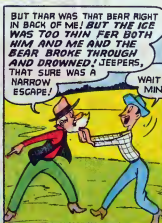
"Lock them up," the Marshal said to Rudy. "You're still sheriff of this town and I'm sure you will be after the ballots have been counted."

THE END









Lash LARUE



WHAT'S ALL THE SHOUTING ABOUT, COWBOY?

IT'S A LUCKY THING I RECOGNIZED YUH, LARUE! COME QUICK! A BAND OF INDIANS IS ON THE WARPATH, AND THEY'RE HEADING TOWARDS TOWN!

and
THE FATAL SOUVENIR!



THEY LOOK LIKE MEMBERS OF THE OJAVAN TRIBE AND THEY'RE USUALLY PEACEFUL! I RECKON THE ONLY THING TO DO IS RIDE DOWN AND SEE WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!



HEY, HOLD ON! NO ONE WHO HAS EVER ATTEMPTED TO RIDE DOWN THIS CLIFF HAS BEEN TO TELL THE STORY!

IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE OF CUTTING THEM OFF! IT'S BETTER TO RISK MY OWN LIFE THAN ALL THE LIVES OF THE PEOPLE IN TOWN!



NO ONE HAS EVER SUCCEEDED IN RIDING DOWN THE CLIFF SIDE BEFORE - BUT THAT'S BECAUSE THEY NEVER HAD A HORSE LIKE **RUSH!**

WE'LL REACH THE TRAIL ALL RIGHT, RUSH! THE QUESTION IS WHETHER WE'LL BE ABLE TO CATCH UP TO THOSE INDIANS AFTER WE DO!



BUT ONCE AGAIN RUSH COMES THROUGH---

HELLO, FRIEND LARUE! YOU ARE NO DOUBT WONDERING WHY WE ARE RIDING TO TOWN LIKE THE WIND! IT IS BECAUSE OF BOTH GOOD AND BAD NEWS!



YES, LASH! MANY MOONS AGO WE SAVE OLD RANCHER WHO HAD BEEN CORNERED BY MOUNTAIN LION AND AFTERWARDS WE BECAME GOOD FRIENDS! NOW PALEFACE LAWYER NOTIFY US THAT OLD RANCHER FRIEND DIE AND LEAVE RANCH TO BROTHERS AND ME!

I SEE! THE GOOD NEWS IS INHERITING THE RANCH AND THE BAD NEWS IS THE DEATH OF YOUR OLD FRIEND!



YES, FRIEND LASH! AND WE WOULD LIKE IT VERY MUCH IF YOU WOULD RIDE ALONG WITH US! IN CASE OF ANY LEGAL DIFFICULTIES MY BROTHERS AND I KNOW WE CAN TRUST YOU AS YOU ARE REAL FRIEND OF THE INDIANS!

IT WILL BE A PLEASURE!



LATER, AT THE LAWYER'S OFFICE...

IT DOESN'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE, TOM, IF YOU WERE HIS THIRD COUSIN AND ARE HIS ONLY LIVING KIN! YOUR UNCLE LEFT HIS RANCH TO THIS BAND OF INDIANS INSTEAD OF TO YOU, AND THAT WAS HIS PRIVILEGE!

I AIM TO FIGHT THE WILL!



THAT'S NOTHING YUH CAN DO-- IT'S ALL LEGAL! FLEET DEER AND HIS BROTHERS CAN LIVE ON THE RANCH AS LONG AS THEY LIVE THAR IN PEACE WITH THEIR WHITE NEIGHBORS! AND AS LONG AS THEY DO THAT, YUH CAN NEVER INHERIT THE RANCH!

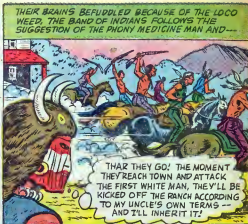
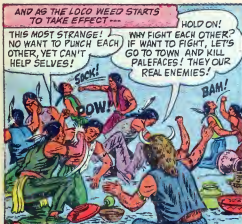
WHOEVER HEARD OF INDIANS LIVING IN PEACE! THEY'RE ALL KILLERS!

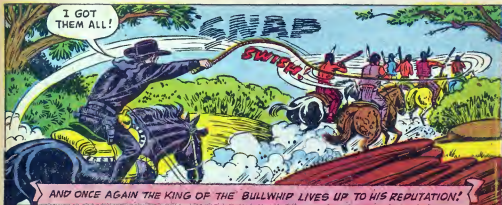


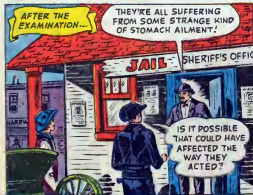
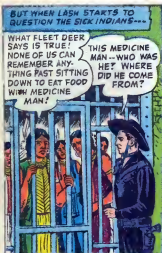
ENOUGH OF THAT, REESE! IF INDIANS ARE TREATED RIGHT, THEY'LL ACT RIGHT! AND AS LONG AS I'M THE LAW IN THESE PARTS, I'LL SEE THAT THEY DON'T GET PUSHED AROUND!











SHORTLY AFTER ---

THERE SEEMS TO BE A LITTLE BIT OF EVERY TYPE OF FOOD THEY WERE EATING LEFT! THAT'S GOOD!



I'LL JUST FIND SOMETHING TO PUT IT IN AND THEN HEAD BACK TO THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE!



LATER ---

I EXAMINED ALL THE FOOD AND I FOUND STRONG TRACES OF LOCO WEED MIXED UP IN IT, LASH!

LOCO WEED! ANYONE UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF LOCO WEED CAN'T BE HELD RESPONSIBLE FOR WHAT HE DOES!



BUT ALL INJUNS KNOW WHAT LOCO WEED LOOKS LIKE: THEY COULDN'T HAVE ACCIDENTALLY PUT IT IN THEIR FOOD! AND IF THEY PUT IT IN THERE DELIBERATELY, THEY MUST TAKE THE CONSEQUENCES FOR THE WAY THEY ACTED!

IF THAT'S SO, DOCTOR, YES! BUT THERE'S ALSO THE CHANCE THAT SOMEBODY PUT THAT LOCO WEED INTO THEIR FOOD WITHOUT THEIR KNOWING IT! AND THAT'S WHAT I HOPE I'LL BE ABLE TO PROVE!



DON'T FORGET THERE WAS A STRANGER AT THIS CELEBRATION--- THE MEDICINE MAN!

BUT WHAT WOULD HE HAVE HAD TO GAIN BY PUTTING LOCO WEED IN THEIR FOOD?



NOTHING---THAT IS IF HE WERE REALLY A MEDICINE MAN! BUT I DOUBT IT!

ONLY ONE PERSON HAD ANYTHING TO GAIN BY MAKING THE INDIANS ACT UP AND THAT PERSON IS TOM REESE! I RECKON IT CAN'T HURT ANY IF I STOP AT HIS HOTEL AND HAVE A CHAT WITH HIM--- BUT FIRST I'M GOING TO VISIT THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE FOR A SEARCH WARRANT!



SHORTLY AFTER, AT THE HOTEL ---

THERE'S NO ONE IN THERE, LASH!

WELL, OPEN UP THE DOOR WITH YOUR PASS KEY: I'VE GOT A SEARCH WARRANT!



YES, SIR!





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